

Malvina Moves

Malvina sighed and arose from her typewriter. "I might have known that inspiration for love stories would flee from mountain boarding houses," she told herself as she swept a hand across her wide, intelligent eyes.

From the room below which was called parlor came the refrain of "Oh, You Beautiful Daddies," then, "Every Little Movement." The tone from the piano itself was like the jangle of many discordant tins, but the music—

Malvina stopped her ears, then, with quick movements slipped into her white jersey and out into the cool mountain air. Her nerves were in dire need of calm and quiet.

She walked on with lightened heart. The pungent odor of balsam and the cool breezes from the lake soothed her.

She approached a small camp with eager steps. How had this jewel in the forest escaped her before? The young author did not stop to realize that this was her first venture into the depths of the woods. And with the writer's longing for seclusion Malvina pictured herself ensconced in that picturesque camp. She felt that all of her budding plot would burst into full bloom and that her name would appear in many of the magazines. Even under the trying position of living in boarding houses Malvina's work had found favor with two or three editors. James Blake of the Comet had been especially attracted to her stories. She hoped, before long, to meet him. He had been a great help to her.

The girl's imaginings had brought her to the door of the camp. Her eyes opened wide in surprise. The place was open at doors and windows and was apparently without an inhabitant. Malvina's heart quickened its beat. Perhaps she could run away from the boarding house with her little typewriter and work here in this wonder house?

Inside all was rough, but not without a sense of the artistic. Malvina came to the quick conclusion that a man who was fond of hunting owned the camp and that he was there only during the hunting season.

With joyous feet she hurried back to the boarding house and from there to the village store. It was imperative to Malvina that when writing she have pink flowered curtains and a pink kimono. The latter she already had. The pink curtains which she would tack up in the camp must be purchased at the one village store.

It was the following day before she arrived at the little house. She was laden with her typewriter, her pink curtains, her tea equipment and her pink kimono.

Malvina was tired but happy when she threw herself down on the wide couch for a moment's rest. The camp had been turned into a bower of pink and odd dishes of wild flowers were scattered about.

Outside at the edge of the forest, a big man swung along with an old handbag in one hand and his fishing paraphernalia in the other.

When he drew near an indefinable something stirred within him. Never before, during the many summers he had spent, in the mountains, had his camp seemed so desirous.

Blake quickened his pace and sprang up to the veranda. He stopped before he had entered, held by the glimmer of pink at the windows.

Instinctively Blake removed his soft hat before going inside. He caught a quick breath and stood as if suddenly lost to his surroundings.

By all the laws of propriety Blake should have turned and left his own camp. But he could not move with the sight of Malvina pictured before him. She was in a sound sleep and her cheeks were flushed. Her glorious hair was a mass of spun copper that trailed over the cushion.

The power of his eyes disturbed her and she stirred. Blake, spell-bound, watched the heavy lashes flutter, then rise slowly up to reveal her eyes.

Blake then came to his senses and turned toward the door. He waited outside on the veranda until she should come. He felt that she would follow immediately.

Malvina did. "I suppose you are the hunter who invited wayfarers into your camp?" she asked with a half smile.

"And you are the wayfarer?" Blake returned because he could think of nothing else for the moment.

"I supposed the hunting season did not begin until later," Malvina smiled half wistfully.

"It does not. But fishing suits me almost as well, and since the Comet needs me in the fall—"

"And you need your own camp now," Malvina interrupted. "It is time for me to depart."

"Not at all—I intend to stay at a boarding place nearby—where I shall not have to bother even with my own messenger fare."

But Malvina would not remain; she felt that she must go, and since Blake had insisted that he preferred to stay at the boarding place he must needs go whether or not he liked.

Thus, the two found themselves at the table of the mountain boarding house and it was in that once despised parlor that—not a month later—Malvina promised to marry James Blake, editor.

FIND CHARM IN BLACK

FASHIONABLE WOMEN APPRECIATE THIS SOMBRE COLOR.

Must Be Used with Discrimination and Thus Employed Will Be Appreciated as an Undeniable and Potent Aid to Beauty.

Fashionable women who attended the horse show at Atlantic City displayed a keen appreciation of the power of black to set off their charms, especially in the evening. This ebony hue was seen not only in "patches," but in much larger pieces as well. Black velvet hats were everywhere, being worn alike by the women in elaborate evening costume, and the one in a simple tailored suit.

One evening, in the boxes, there was a surprising array of all black hats—velvet and ostrich feathers—and they topped costumes of every hue. One matron of striking appearance wore such a hat, with a gown of black and white, unrelieved by any color other than the changing lights reflected by a few diamonds; and another had a black hat, with a low cut gown of sage green, to which was added a maline scarf in the same shade. Even taupe color was seen with the somber finish of a black hat, and there were besides the more conspicuous contrasts provided by black head coverings, with gowns in emerald green, rose and all the various delicate tints and sparkles most affected in the evening.

While the all black hat reigned supreme on one occasion, on another evening it gave place to black velvet with white or colored plumes. The most effective plumes were the shaded ones, in which a number of pale tones—blues, pinks, greens and grays—were mingled.

Hats in color usually had black velvet linings. One of the smartest of these was an immense white, furry felt, bent into a pointed poke in front. The trimmings were ostrich feathers shaded from white to yellow, which covered the crown and also stood erect at one side. The hat was worn one evening with a little round necked frock of ivory satin braided with yellow and an exquisite scarf of snowy, spotless ermine, the effect of the whole being indescribably lovely. The possessor of this costume wore on another occasion, an afternoon, an emerald green velvet gown trimmed with black tulle and shot with black. The gown was plain, with a little turnover collar of the black finishing a neckline that formed the slightest V in front. Not the smallest ornament broke the white of the uncovered throat.

Effective touches of black were also seen in the form of velvet neckbands, which were generally worn with gowns that were only a little cut out. Strangely enough, these bands, in varying widths and thickly strewn with sparkling ornaments, showed themselves one evening in nearly every box on one side of the garden, while on the opposite side it was hard to find a single one.

The wearer of a gown of black and white chiffon in one of the charming, softly shaded effects which can be produced only with those materials, had a pretty little Pierrot collar in addition to a black velvet neckband not more than half an inch wide. The collar had an undersection of delicate point d'esprit finely plaited, and over this was a second portion, only half the width, in black. There was a heading of black velvet ribbon barely half an inch wide, and a bow of the same ribbon fastened the little collar at one side. Above was the separate velvet neckband, with an inch or more of the bare throat between.

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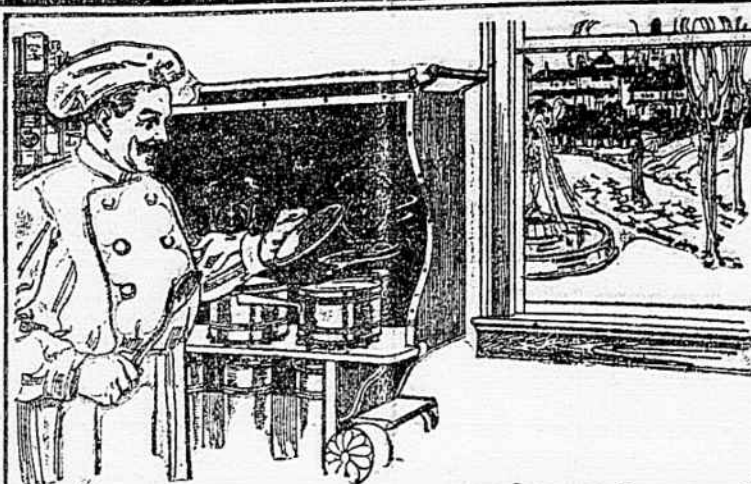
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CURIOSITY OF MODERN SLANG

English Journal Comments With Some Sharpness, and Admiration, of American Slang.

Time was—and not so very long ago, either—when the only distinctive American expression known in this country was "I guess." To say "I guess" and endeavor—not always with success—to speak it through your nose, was the recognized way of impersonating an American. It was always sure of an appreciative and understanding laugh—the laugh that indicates, "Yes, yes; I'm just as intelligent as you, and know exactly what you intend." Nowadays, we don't know why, our common speech is well flavored with transatlantic idioms. Not always slang, we mean. American slang has its uses, though the only one we can think of at the moment is that it saves trouble. When one has classified one's friends and acquaintances as "the limit" and "the goods," one has been spared much labor of characterization. Otherwise the argot of the Bowery is more curious than beautiful. But we go further. "We fix things up." Instead of finishing a task we are "through with it." We do not begin, but "start in." This habit is spreading like a canker through all classes of the community—even to those conservative gentlemen, the dramatists, who name their new productions "The Glad Eye" or "Looking for Trouble." No doubt we shall be told by apologists for the habit that all the expressions we have noted are to be found in Shakespeare or Milton. That may be, but we doubt if Miss Correll's predecessor at Stratford-on-Avon ever caused one of his heroines to be called a "lallapalooza."—London Globe.

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WELL-BUILT AND CONVENIENTLY situated house of six rooms and bath; hot water heat; city water; electric lights; cement cellar; laundry tubs; chicken house; on same lot a good store doing thriving business; building contains big front salesroom, rear storage room; wagon sheds, etc.; house rented at \$29 per month, store at \$26 per month; permanent tenants, if desired; lot 50x134 feet; thickly settled community; close to station; 20 minutes ride from city; price for both, \$4,500. Alexander Suter, 312 Evans Bldg., phone Main 7922.

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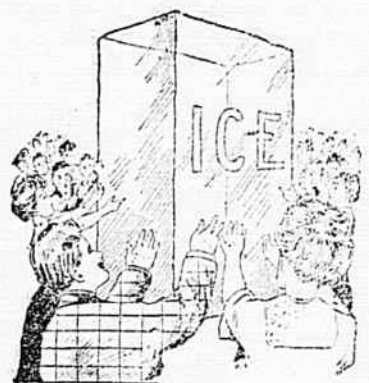
Rooms on Second floor, 219 South Royal street.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

By authority of a decree of the Corporation Court of the city of Alexandria, in the suit of the Robert Porter Brewing Company against Rosen T. Bean et al.; on the 11th day of July, 1912, the undersigned will offer for sale at public auction, in front of the Market Building, Royal street, Alexandria, Va., on SATURDAY, the 17th day of August, 1912, the following lot of ground with appurtenances, situate on the east side of St. Asaph street, between Pendleton and Wythe streets. Beginning at the southeast corner of a ten foot alley and fronting on St. Asaph street 15 feet and running back the same width eastward 75 feet 5 inches, and being the same lot that Harriet Brent formerly Murphy, deceased, seized and possessed.

Terms: One-half cash, and the residue of the purchase money in six months, bearing interest, evidenced by note, and secured by a retention of title until the whole purchase money is paid. JOHN M. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Sale.

I certify that John M. Johnson has executed bond as required by the decree in the case July 21, 1912. REVELL S. GREENAWAY, July 24-12 Clerk Corporation Court.



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